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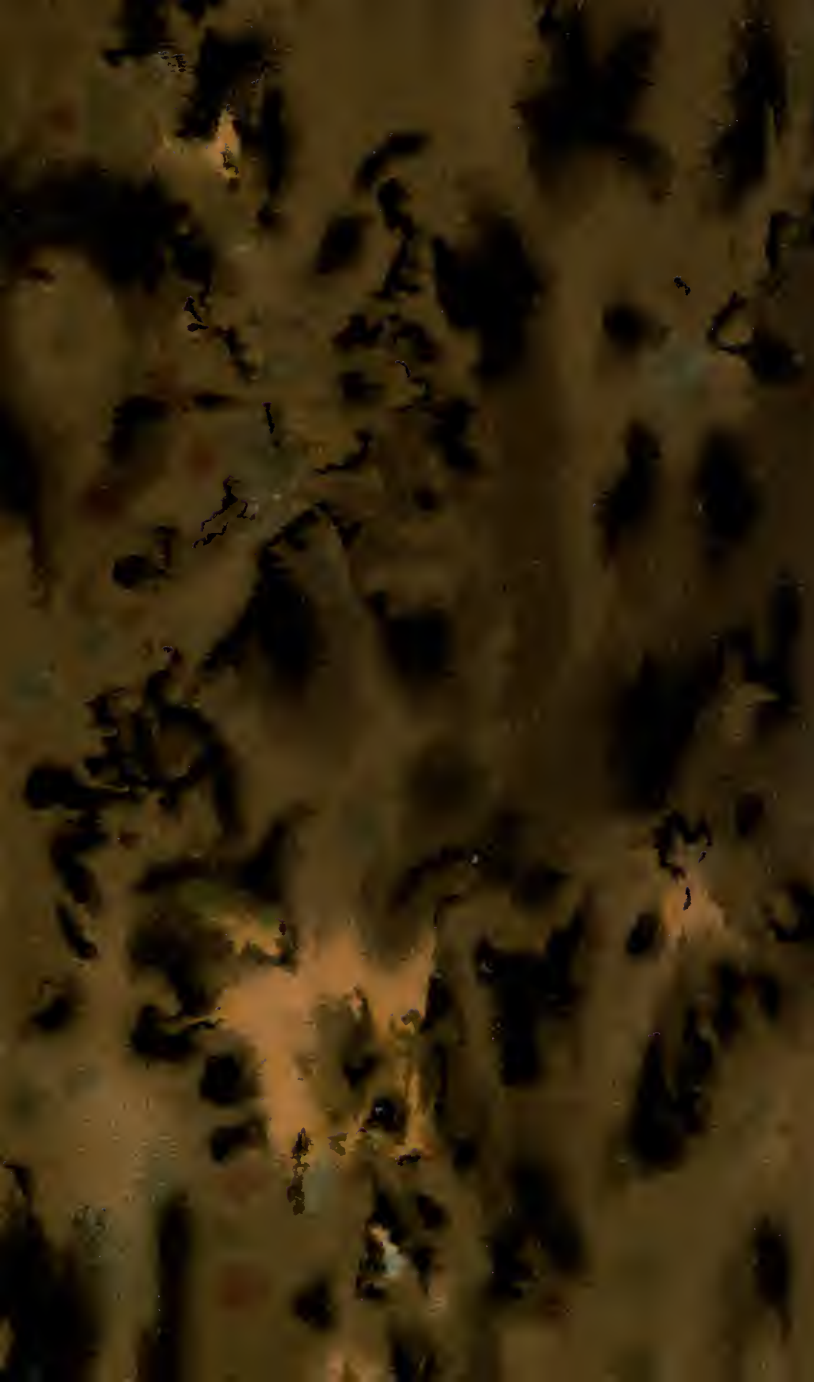
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BENNETT GRIFFIN









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# I Knew Him When—

*A Hoosier Fable dealing  
with the Happy Days  
of Away Back  
Yonder*

BY  
GEORGE ADE

PRIVATELY PUBLISHED BY THE  
INDIANA SOCIETY OF CHICAGO

*December 1910*

PRESS OF  
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CHICAGO





*Picnic-Judge Baker*

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## I Knew Him When—



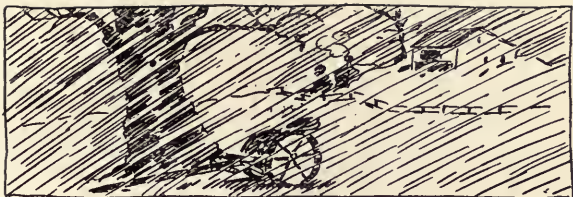
ONCE there was a Chicago Man with a Past. Those who saw him dipping into the real Astrakhan Caviar at \$1.75 per throw at the New Blackstone or leaving a trail of Blue Smoke up the Lake Shore Drive as he beat it for the Golf Club infested by our Best People, little suspected that he had been at one time merely an obscure Unit in a large Family of Children in a Town that never would have been brought to Light except for Rand and McNally.



OUR PRESIDENT  
While defending his country at  
Purdue University



TOM MARSHALL



*Indiana Going Wet.*

Truly it is not the Start that counts  
It is the Finish.

Some of the most Precocious Infants  
of the early Spring of '68 are now stay-  
ing in Nights at Jeffersonville and  
Michigan City. Perhaps the Bad Boy  
of the Village is at present a Member of  
the Union League Club! Who can tell?

Our Hero was known to his Grand-  
mother as William Henry Harrison  
Tucker. His Associates in the Juvenile  
Outlaw Band that made Existence a  
Living Hell for the Town Marshal call-  
ed him Bill. The Teacher called him  
about three times a Day.

Bill was born in a Hamlet that came  
very near being on the Nickel Plate  
but failed even in this Secondary Ambi-  
tion.



JOHN L. GRIFFITHS

Taken the year that Tilden beat Hayes.



EX-GOV. DURBIN





*The Fairbanks Family*

It was bounded on the North by a Patch of Jack-Oaks, on the East by a Frog Preserve, on the South by a wide stretch of Open Country sparsely settled with Landises and McCutcheons and on the West by 1,000,000 Acres of Virgin Wilderness set aside for the Future Development of Gary.

Those passing through on the Accommodation could see the Town unless there happened to be a Freight Car or a Cow in the Way.

This is the identical Town which Kin Hubbard says you can remember as the One that had two English Sparrows on the Telegraph Pole.

The principal Industries of the Place



CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS  
He saw the preacher hold his hands  
the same way.



ROMEO JOHNSON





*The Wabash—Fort Knox*

were knifing the Regular Candidates and trying to write Phonetic Poetry that would sound just like Riley.

If further Identification is necessary it may be added that this is the Town to which Uncle Charley Fairbanks, speaking from the Tail-End of the Campaign Special, referred as the Garden Spot of America.

Bill looked out of the Window one morning and sized up his Birth-Place and then he turned and formally thanked his Parents for permitting him to be born in Indiana.

At that time he was not a member of the South Shore and never had been entertained by the Studebakers at South



WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE  
He is not a bell hop—the boys used to  
dress like that.



JOHN KERN



*Old Vincennes Church—1703.*

Bend, consequently this Dump, which was scorned even by the No. 2 Uncle Tom Troupes, looked to him like Ready Money.

Let us pass rapidly over the Early Pages of his Career.

At the Age of 3 we find him taking an active part in Politics.

His Father had taken him on the Knee and explained that the Universe is roughly divided into two Parts—one consisting of the snow-white Patriots identified with Our Party and the other a Mongrel Horde of Pusillanimous Pap-Suckers known as the Enemy. This Belief lingered with him until Years later when he began to get his Orders



MEREDITH NICHOLSON

His first attempt to look like an author.



MR. HARRIS REMARKS



*At the Picnic—Awarding Prizes*

direct from Victor Lawson and Herm Kohlsaas and then he learned that Both Parties needed a little Chloride of Lime, and for Goodness Sake don't eat at the same Table with Billy Lorimer.

Our Hero attended the Public Schools and read all about Robert Reid who never used Tobacco because it was a Filthy Weed. Therefore, at the age of 7 he paid a Nick for three Cheroots—the kind that used to come in the Paper Boxes—and took his first Lesson in a Vacant Lot back of the Livery Stable. Little did he think that in 1910 he would be sitting in the Main Banquet Hall at the Annex, smoking a John T. McCutcheon Cigar worth 20 cents but provided



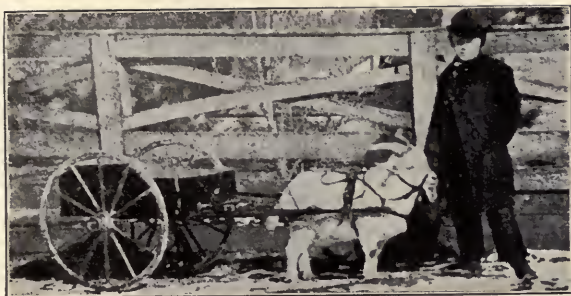


WILBUR D. NESBIT

Ancestral Hoosier Palace in background



JUDGE FIELD



*Kin Hubbard and His Goat*

for this Occasion at a Cut Rate by Special Arrangement with the Manufacturer.

The Early Years of Bill's Career were crowded with Experiences. Almost every Summer a Medicine Show would come along and once he went to the County Seat to see the Van Amburg Circus, that carried 1 Elephant and 38 Shell Workers.

One of his principal Joys was to see the Train go through. How he envied the Conductor with the Box-Toed Boots and the rollicking Brakeman with Braid on his Clothes! For it was their blessed Privilege to get into Peru every other Night and see a good Show—probably



**"TARK"**

In the act of defying the penal code  
of Indiana.



**JOHN L. WILSON**



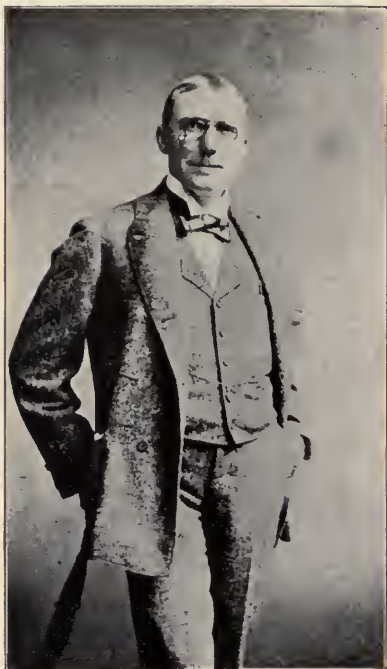


*The Picnic Parade*

the Rentz-Santley Company of Female Minstrels.

Also there was the Ole Swimmin' Hole. Every Town has one, so that former Residents who are living in large Cities will have something to Cry about at 2 A. M. when the Scotch is standing high in the Gauge.

The Ole Swimmin' Hole is all right to refer to in Sentimental Vein, but it is an Awful Thing to be used for Ablutionary Purposes. The Ole Swimmin' Hole patronized by Bill and his depraved Associates in Crime was a Stagnant Pool bordered with Cat-Tails and Willows, with 100,000,000 malignant Germs in every Drop of Water. In a



JIM RILEY  
One of the best poets in Greenfield.



GEORGE BARR



*Friends Meeting House—Wayne County. Built 1824.*

Battle between deadly Germs and a lot of Tough Kids, you can guess who won out.

After the Boys got through Swimming, they used to go Home and Wash Up.

♦ How the Memories cluster around the Little Red School House! It was just as Popular as any Jail. And the Teacher! Do you recall, Gentle Reader, the morning when you slipped in early and wrote on the Blackboard, in a disguised Back-Hand?

*Oh, Lord of Love,  
Look from Above  
And Pity us poor Scholars!*



JOSEPH H. DEFREES

An innocent youth with no thought of  
becoming a lawyer.



MEREDITH



*Old Chapel—Vincennes. Built 1816.*

*They've hired a Fool  
To Teach our School  
And pay him Forty Dollars!*

And it didn't mean Forty Dollars a Week, either.

During the Boyhood Days of Bill, while the Crime of '73 was still in the Future Tense and all of the Newspapers spoke well of Uncle Joe, there sprang up a Fast Friendship between Our Hero and another Son of the Grand Old Hoosier State known as "Ory." Indiana has a few choice Names that are not used anywhere else. Such as the following:

*Osie  
Ort  
Orvie*



BOOTH TARKINGTON  
An idealized sketch by Newton  
Booth Tarkington



BOOTH AGAIN



*The Picnic—Nesbit at Bat.*

*Ote  
Baz  
Melvy  
Myrt  
Cale  
Ez  
Eck  
Jethro  
Cad  
Ad  
Harve  
Bing  
Eb  
Zimri  
Elmore  
Geb  
Lutie  
Clute  
Kenesaw  
Lum  
Mordecai  
Sep*





GEORGE T. BUCKINGHAM  
Shortly before winning title of champion  
pie-eater of Delphi.



YOUNG J. M.





*Farmer Ade.*

*Tad  
Wilbur  
Elmer*

The above is a Bona Fide List taken from the Revised Census Report on the Spread of the Literary Impulse in Indiana.

Bill and Ory formed a Partnership which made the renowned intimacy between Damon and Pythias look like an Orange County Feud.

And the Beauty of it was that neither of them wanted to Sell anything to the other!

Which proves that a great many People (living in Small Towns) remain on the Level up to the age of 8, or possibly 10.



ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

Many years before meeting John Kern



KIN HUBBARD  
Litry Guy



*Abe Lincoln's Old Swimming Hole*

This was, indeed, a Bright Period in Bill's Life. He did not worry about the High Cost of Living. If assailed by the Pangs of Hunger all he had to do was sneak into the Buttry and Swipe a few Slabs of Salt-Rising Bread.

He was ready for his Vittles at any time, without the aid of Bronx or Martini.

All through the Golden Hours of the Summertime he played Two-Old-Cat and when the somber Pall of Darkness settled on the Earth, his only Problem was how to get to Bed without holding his Feet under the Pump.

When tired of Childish Play he would slip off to the Hay-Mow and study the



THE McCUTCHEON BOYS  
Taken at Romney, Indiana, the year  
of the big wind.



BUCK, OUR TOASTMASTER



*Two Club Officers and Future Governor of Illinois.*

works of Beadle, thus storing his Mind with Useful Knowledge for use in After Life.

He attended Sunday School with great Regularity just before Christmas and joined Church every Winter in order to make the Revival a Success.

Bill often confided to Ory his plans for the Future. He wanted to grow up and have a full Set of Whiskers and be elected to Congress. He could see himself in a Prince Albert Coat, standing on a Temporary Platform in Court House Grove, telling the Yaps just how the Tariff had affected the Price of Steel Rails.

At that time Politics was or were the



CHARLES D. MAJOR

Portrait in oil by the village sign painter.



JOHN L.





*Sisters Throwing the Base-Ball.*

chief Concern of all the Chair-Warmers who lined up in front of the Commercial Hotel.

The hydra-headed Monster known as Insurgency had not wrapped the Body Politic within its loathsome Coils and the Australian System had not put the Kibosh on the Blocks of Five, consequently every Campaign was a beatific Death Struggle.

It opened with an Outburst of Criminal Libel and closed with all the Survivors standing knee-deep in Blood.

Indiana was a Pivotal State and it used to Pivot 24 hours every Day.

No wonder the Hoosier Boy, reared



CHARLES D. MAJOR  
 Later portrait, by himself—when  
 Shelbyville was in flower.



CHAIRMAN RECTOR





*Col. Carlisle and Others.*

in this Spartan School, afterward came to regard the Full-Dress Maneuvers of the Hamilton and Marquette Cohorts as a pale and hybrid Combination of Ping-Pong and Croquet.

Those were the Halycon Days when Tom Hendricks, Ben Harrison, Dan Voorhees, Uncle Dick Thompson, Blue Jeans Williams and Albert Porter set the Prairies on Fire.

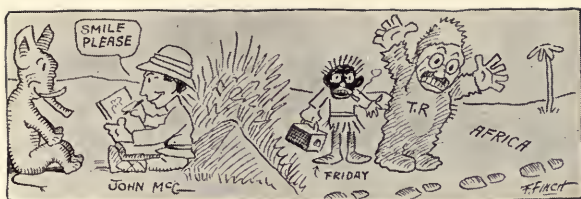
John Kern had not led his first Forlorn Hope. Bev was selling subscription Books to unsuspecting Rubes. Jim Watson was known as the Child Orator of Rushville. Jim Hemenway was picking Paw-Paws on the Shares near Booneville. John L. Griffiths was acting



JUDGE E. C. FIELD, 1865  
He attended Ann Arbor but his whiskers  
were true to Indiana.



BILLY AUSTIN



*Mac Discovered by Teddy.*

as Cherub in a Law Office. Hanly was just beginning to stand in front of the Mirror and discover certain Resemblances to Daniel Webster. Tom Marshall was endeavoring to get a Certificate to teach School. George Barr McCutcheon, Meredith Nicholson and Booth Tarkington were Pollywogs.

In other Words, those were the good Old Days when Hair-Oil was Popular and every Family had Meat on the Table. The insidious Breakfast Food had not crept into each Household, like a Thief in the Night.

It was during this Favored Period that Bill and Ory passed from Youth to Early Manhood. The old Residents will remember the Time. It was when everything printed in the "Journal" one day would be denied in the "Sentinel" the Day After.



EX GOV. WM. T. DURBIN  
Taken shortly after entering politics.



THE PRIDE OF SOUTH BEND



*At the Picnic—Dressing Contest.*

## He Goes to College



**B**ILL and Ory took in all the Taffy Pulls and Kissing Parties and finally worked up to Oyster Suppers, just before Bill's Parents decided that, inasmuch as he refused to Work, they had better give him the Higher Education.

It required an Order of Court to get him into the Plainfield Reform School, so they compromised by sending him to a Sectarian Institution.



BOOTH TARKINGTON

About the time he wrote his first Novel



M. W. Mix





*They Prepared the Picnic Dinner.*

It was not exactly a Seminary and hardly large enough to be a College, so they billed it as a University.

Our Hero was meant for a Lawyer unless it should develop that he had Weak Lungs, in which Case he was to be a Preacher.

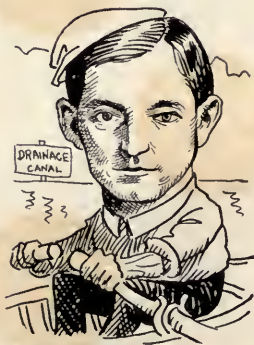
Soon after passing the Portals he acquired a Frat Pin, a short Cutaway Coat and a Pack of Sweet Caps and learned to carry the Basso Part in "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean."

He took a Leading Part in all the Student Activities involving Petit Larceny, Trespass, Wilful Destruction of Property and Disturbing the Peace, thereby laying broad and strong the



J. M. STUDEBAKER

When known as "the town flirt."



H. KING





*Picnic Committee—In Full Dress.*

Foundation of his Future Usefulness as a Member of the Civic Federation in Chicago.

His Masterly Oration on the Impending Conflict between Capital and Labor is still being used by some of the brightest Undergraduates up and down the Monon Road.

Also, the Inside History of how he got the Cow into the Chapel is one of the Luminous Pages in the Annals of his Alma Mater.

As a Student he was only Middling. He never equalled the Record of Walter Fisher at Hanover, who, early in his Sophomore Year, began to instruct the Faculty.

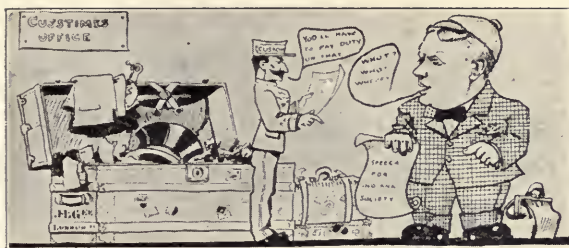


FRANK H. WILSON

In his first suit of regular, sure-enough  
store clothes.



JOE

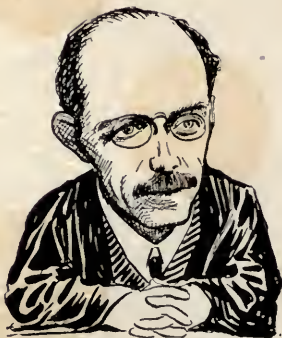


*Mr. Griffiths paying duty on speech—By weight or by value?*

He never burned as much Midnight Oil as Booth Tarkington ignited up at Purdue and he did not cause as much Smoke as George Buckingham and David Graham Phillips. sent curling into the Air at De Pauw, nee Asbury, but he managed to Pull Through, and all Diplomas look alike after they are framed and hanging on the Wall.



W. C. BOBBS  
Trying to conceal himself behind the  
early foliage.



JUDGE BAKER



*The Lincoln Home in Spencer County—Today.*

## *The City Calls Him*



**A**BOUT a week after paying \$5 for his Sheepskin, the Commencement Flowers had withered and the Local Excitement had died away and he found himself Face to Face (by permission of Tom Murray) with the Great

World.

Should he settle down at Home and undertake a Course of Light Reading? Father thought not.

Should he walk around and around



**WILLIAM C. FREE**  
Once a prominent grocery salesman in  
Prosperity, Indiana.



**JOHN EVERS MCCUTCHEON**





*Grave of Nancy Hanks-Lincoln, Spencer County.*

the Public Square, shaking hands with Influential Farmers, until urged to become Prosecuting Attorney at the Staggering Stipend of \$1200 a year?

Or should he prostitute his Talents by working in a Bank? The Town Banker, who had known Our Hero since Early Childhood, advised him not to do so.

One Day an Inspiration came to him. Why not move up to Chicago and make his Fortune in the new Giant City of the West?

He was Undefined and Incorruptible and, as nearly as he could learn, an absolutely Pure and Honest Young Man would find very little Competition with-





L. W. LANDMAN  
Waiting for the bird to come out  
of the camera.



KENESAW



*Mr. Fairbanks—About to make a “ringer.”*

in the District bounded on the North by the River, on the West by the South Branch, on the South by 12th St., and on the East by the Illinois Central.

Besides, if John Shaffer and Will Davis and Judge Field and Ed Rector and Johnny Kitchen and Joe Defrees and Joe Wile and Mel Mix and Guy Guernsey and Ed Carry and George Maher and the Fishbacks and Gerald Pierce and Ollie Carter and Bill Vawter and Hugh Hadley and Ed Erickson and other such ordinary Products of the Swamps and Tall Timber could go up to Chicago and actually Fool the Public it looked as if it ought to be a Pipe for a really Brilliant Fellow who had taken a Degree.



ALEXANDER F. BANKS  
Genial and popular society editor in  
Evansville.



OUR SECRETARY



*J. M. Studebaker—Champion horse-shoe thrower of Indiana.*

It seemed as if kindly Providence had planted Chicago within Easy Reach so that those who did not cut much Ice at Home might escape across the State Line and immediately become Prominent.

“Me for Chicago!” said Our Hero, hastily throwing a few Things into his Telescope. After which, all he had to do was borrow the Railroad Fare.

\* \* \* \*

He did not see any “Welcome” Signs as he walked up from the Polk Street Station.

Several Cable Cars and Trucks tried to check his Career at the very start but he finally succeeded in arriving at a

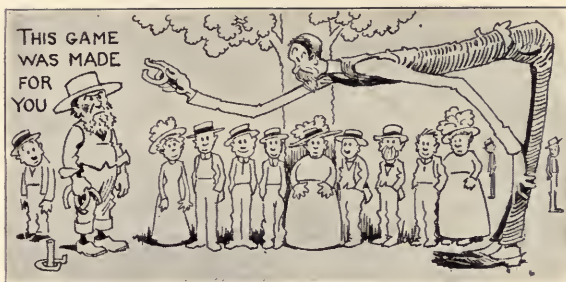


J. M. WILE

Taken shortly before the Mexican War.



THE WAGON-MAKER



*Studebaker protests against Fairbanks.*

Boarding House in a Pleasant Neighborhood near Peck Court and was assigned to a Hall Bed Room. The Architect had originally marked it on the Plans as a Closet.

He bought an Evening Paper and studied the Want Ads, thus learning that there was a very general Demand for Swedes who understood the Care of Horses and would look after the Lawn.

Next Day he went to call on a Successful Business Man who had once known his Father. This Man was very kind to him, giving him a Letter of Introduction to the Superintendent of a Large Concern, who happened to be in Europe at the time, and then showing him how to get back to the Elevator.





EDWARD RECTOR

A relic of the stone age discovered in the  
Bedford quarries.



HARRY NEW





*When White River was Navigable—1864.*

Everywhere he went, his Application was placed on File. This was a Helva Help, as B. L. T. would say.

After a week or so he concluded to abandon his Original Intention of becoming General Manager for the Armour Interests and started in as third assistant White Slave in a 2-acre Office overlooking the flower-dotted Fields and purling Brooks of Boiler Avenue.

It is not the purpose of this Narrative to follow Step by Step the slow advance of Our Hero.

Sometimes he did not Step high enough, and Stubbed his Toe, but there should be no Muck-Raking in a Fraternal Organization that charges \$10 a Plate.



MELVILLE W. MIX

Shortly after he discovered Mishawaka



HARRY STARR



*Old Supreme Court Building.*

Ever since we read the Sterilized Literature circulated by the Christian Endeavor in an attempt to head off the Nickel Library, we have known that the Poor Boy from the Country, who keeps his Hands and Face clean and his Cuffs trimmed and who is Foxy enough to get acquainted with the Female Relatives of his Employer, will sooner or later Land in Division Number One and wear Bells.

Our Hero never quarreled with his Meal Ticket or hid his Light under a Bushel and in Due Time began to take Lunch at the C. A. A. with the Big Squash who sat in the Mahogany Office and pushed the Buttons.

One day he met Alec Revell, who spoke pleasantly to him, and Life began to assume new Possibilities.

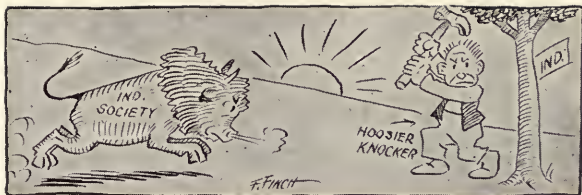


GUY GUERNSEY

Taken the year he drove the Indians out  
of Terry Hut.



HUGH HADLEY



*The Seal of Indiana—Revised.*

He moved into a European Hotel that had a Carte du Jour and a band of Female Tomahawkers who sat around in Rocking Chairs all day adding up what they knew about the Married Men living in the House.

Bill had long since given up Detachable Cuffs and now he began to wear a Monogram on the Sleeve of his Shirt and went in for extra Suspenders, which is the first evidence of Nervous Prosperity.

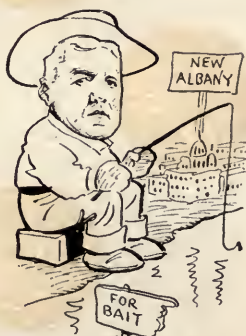
Gradually he was being weaned away from his Native State for when he bought them he did not ask the Man for Galluses.

He began to look forward to the Day



HEAVY SWELLS—1873

The one with the plug hat is L. L. Barth



COL. JEWETT





*Original Nut College, 1847.*

when he would order Clothes from Stevenson and then drop into a place in Michigan Ave. and pay \$4 for a Cravat that is easily worth 35 Cents.

Also he began to climb the Social Ladder—the one that begins at the Bismarck Garden and leads Onward and Upward to the Chicago Club with a lot of Grand Opera strung in between.

He put on his Soup-and-Fish Regalia every time the Sun went Down and gladly mingled with those who have their pictures in the Trib when there is a Charity Ball or Mr. Sims turns in a new Batch of Indictments.

When he was Pinched one day for Speeding through Winnetka, the Re-





EDWARD F. CARRY  
Proving that he had velvet  
many years ago



O. C. CARTER



*The Ball Game at Brook.*

porters all mentioned him as a Prominent Clubman, which would indicate that he had been Going Some since landing here with just One Pair of Everything.

Terrapin was no longer a Stranger and to hear him talk about the Vintages one could hardly believe that he had been limited to Well Water for the first 22 Years.

He began to dream in Large Figures and Found out that it is better to increase the Capital Stock than attempt to get it a Dollar at a Time by mere Toil.

Next we find him at a Club, making Trouble for the House Committee and letting Prunes pass out of his Life as he



JOHNNY McCUTCH  
The boy Lothario of South Fourth Street,  
La Fayette.



BILL BOBBS



*Architectural Triumph of 1850.*

became better acquainted with Hot House Grapes.

The Twentieth Century Habit got a Hold on him and every few weeks he would be found in Peacock Alley mingling with a lot of New Yorkers from Muscatine, Altoona, Evansville and St. Joe, Missouri.

Was he satisfied? No!

He wanted a Home of his Own. He wanted something Colonial with a Porte Cochere on the Side, an Iron Fence in Front, and a First Mortgage covering the Whole Thing.

He wanted to keep a Boston Bull and have a Den with Dark Furniture and a



JUDGE FRANCIS E. BAKER

Now champion checker player of  
Elkhart County.



TOM TAGGART



*On the raging Wabash.*

small sized Replica of Chapin & Gore in one Corner and all the Tools and Appliances necessary for opening up with 10-cent Jacks at 9 o'clock Saturday Evening and concluding about the time the Church Bells begin to ring, with everybody stripped above the Belt and the Ceiling as the Limit.

Only one thing could happen to him and it Happened.

He picked out one of the Nicest Girls that ever sat through a Thomas Concert and began to Hound her and tempt her with Jewelry.

Her Parents investigated him and learned that he looked like a Comer and was a Member of Good Standing in the





SAM AND CHARLEY MURDOCK  
Sam is the emaciated one at the right.



G. GUERNSEY





*At the Picnic—McCutcheon and Ade.*

Indiana Society, so, of course, they were glad to have him in the Family.

He was married in a Church the night after the Bachelor Dinner and some of his Friends who were present told him all about it later on.

Now we find him really and truly Arrived. He could cash a Check without being Measured and Photographed. He had his Name on the end of his Desk and was appointed one of the 600 Floor Managers of an Exclusive Social Affair pulled off at the Auditorium under the Guise of Charity.

He felt that it was only a Question of Time until he could work up to a Membership in the Art Institute and make a triumphant First Appearance before the Board of Review.



E. H. SENEFF

Wondering if he will ever get a good  
job with a railroad.





*Female Reformatory, 1869—They needed a large building.*

## Thoughts of Home



**P**ERHAPS you imagine that a Leading Citizen of Chicago, living within a Stone's Throw of the Standard Club and about to buy an Electric Run about for Wifey, would forget all about the 2x4 Tank Town that gave him his Start and Pushed him out on the Track.

Not so.

After he began to Do Well in the City, much to the Surprise of all the



GEO. W. MAHER AND BROTHER  
Having their pictures taken in New  
Albany.



INTER URBAN  
SAM MURDOCK



*The First School House—Richmond.*

old-time Friends and Neighbors back in the Clump of Maples, he was regularly re-adopted as one of Our Boys and was invited to Come Across for the new Campbellite Church, the Carnegie Library, the new Chautauqua, etc., etc., etc.

Relatives attending the Fat Stock Show began to hunt him up and then went back to report on his Wife, who was supposed to be Extravagant.

Sometimes it occurred to him that it would be a Grand Idea to go back to the Old Home and buy a Farm and raise Chickens and have a lot of white-faced Steers standing around to be Kodaked.

When a City Man begins to figure on



DAN SCANLAN  
When known as the Pet of Anderson.



E. L. K.





*At the Picnic—Spoon Race.*

raising \$4,000 worth of Chickens annually on an Investment of \$16.75, it means that either he is unduly Prosperous or else Reason has begun to totter on her Throne.

He wanted to get back to the Soil—for a few Minutes at a Time.

He wanted to exchange his Swallow-Tail for a Sweater and beat his Mashie into a Plow-Share.

Also he wanted to go back to his Birthplace and give the Cackle to some of the Paleozoic Fossils who had predicted that he would wind up either in the Poor House or the Legislature.

He got his first Jolt when he began



GEO. McCUTCHEON & DOG

Note—John afterward stole the dog.



ED. McKENNA



*Picnic Sports.*

making Inquiries and learned that, while he had been getting a Foothold in the busy Marts of Trade, the Price of Farm Land had skipped blithely from about \$30 an Acre up to \$175.

By selling all his City Property and borrowing on the Household Goods he might get an Estate large enough for a 9-Hole Course.

So, instead of buying a Farm and raising his own Vegetables he decided to Economize by building a Bungalow on the North Shore.

Still, he had a lingering Desire to re-visit the Dear Old Scenes and ascertain whether or not he was still Remembered.



ADDISON C. HARRIS  
Frontier costume worn by him during  
war of 1812.



DAVE



*Down the Old Pike.*

He need not have Worried about that.

The International Order of the I-Knew-Him-When has a Chapter in every Small Town. It is one of the most flourishing Organizations on the Hot Stove Circuit.

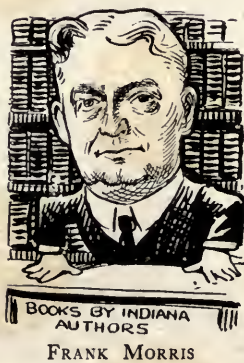
The Old Boys who had been the Victims of his Deviltry long ago would see his Name in the Chicago Paper and that would be the Cue for the following Contributions to the Hammerfest:

"Never seemed to me to be Overly Bright."

"Nothin' really Bad about the Boy but he didn't seem to have any Git-Up to him."



CHARLES F. FISHBACK  
Charles at left, little sister on chair.







*On the National Road—Wayne County.*

“He wuzn’t worth his Salt as a Farm Hand.”

“I guess People in Shuhkawgo don’t turn out very early in the Morning if they ever let that Sap-Head get the Bulge on ’em.”

“I hear he Drinks and keeps Liquor right in the House.”

“He had a kind of an Uppish Way about him that I never could Abide.”

“Well, you never can Tell. I’ve seen many a Runt skirmish around a Feed-Lot and finally turn out Fat and Sassy.”

“I hope he got it Honestly—but there’s an awful lot of Skullduggery goin’ on in a big City.”

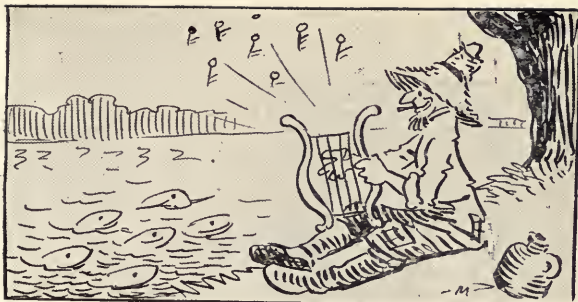


E. LOUIS KUHN'S

Once a patriot—now a plutocrat.



"DEAF-AND-DUMB CHARLEY."



*The Banks of the Wabash.*

“They say he done Real Well when he got Married. If I was Her, I’d keep the Property in My Own Name.”

“I hired him once to Pick Cherries. He Et more than he Picked.”

“You know what the Feller says—It takes all kinds o’ People to make a World.”

“I knew him when he didn’t wear enough Cloze to Wad a Gun.”

“I knew him when it was like Pullin’ Teeth to get him to Milk.”

“I knew him when he didn’t have one Dollar to rub against another.”

“I knew him when he wore a Base Ball Suit for Undercloze.”



CHARLEY ALLING & PA  
Charley is the small one.



HOOSIER BANQUET



*Suburban Scene in Gary.*

“I knew him when he couldn’t count up to Leven without a Pencil and a Pad of Paper.”

“I knew him when his Folks bought their Flour a Sack at a Time and had to borrow Dishes if they had Company.”

\* \* \* \*

Truly, the Busy World may not have the Dope on you, but if you ever lived in a One Night Stand, then your Picture is in the Gallery.

You can fool some of the People all of the Time but you can’t fool the Members of the I-Knew-Him-When Detective Association any of the Time.

Our Hero fondly Imagined that his

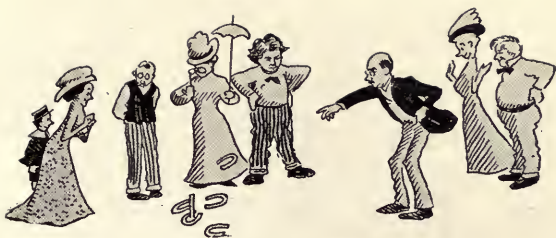


GERALD PIERCE  
Before he began to associate with  
prominent advertisers..



ALBERT.





*Our National Game.*

Childhood Associates were getting ready to place a Memorial Tablet to mark the Spot at which he had first seen the Light of Day, and likewise name a couple of Streets after him.

He knew that if he went back there would be Triumphal Arches up and down Main Street and a Public Reception in K. P. Hall.

He wondered what had become of Ory, his rusty little Playmate of Long Ago.

Probably he was indulging in Manual Labor and getting \$1.50 a Day, saving up to buy Enlarged Crayon Portraits of all his Dead Relations.

Poor Ory!



REV. WM. CHALMERS COVERT, D. D.  
 Notice the gay surroundings and the  
 worldly character of his hosiery.



MR. BANKS



*"The Corn, the Golden Corn!"*

He would go back and hunt him up  
and treat him as an Equal and give him  
an Imported Cigar.

It would be a noble and unselfish  
Stunt—to spill a little Sunshine into the  
Lives of the Lowly.



W. C. NIBLACK

He is one of these two—take your choice.



UNCLE WILL



*The Old Building at I. U.*

## He Visits the Boobs



ONE Day his Chariot of Fire went tearing over the Improved Roads of His Native State, defying Constables and mowing down Domestic Animals.

He preferred to Motor back to the Beloved Bailiwick in order to make a Sensational Entrance and give the Natives a Treat.

After travelling a Long Distance and failing to Spot any of the Familiar Landmarks, he found himself in the con-



OLIVER C. CARTER  
Before deciding to be General Freight  
Agent of the Monon.



GRAND OPERA SHAFFER





*"Thrashin' Time"*

gested Thoroughfare of a Populous Town with Arc Lights, Policemen in Uniform, Moving Picture Shows, Delicatessen Stores and all the other By-Products of advancing Civilization.

He stopped at a Corner in front of a large Pressed Brick Structure labelled First National Bank.

Standing in the Doorway and surveying the Busy Scene with an Easy Air of Proprietorship was a Portly Gentleman in Tailor-Made Clothes and dripping with Precious Stones.

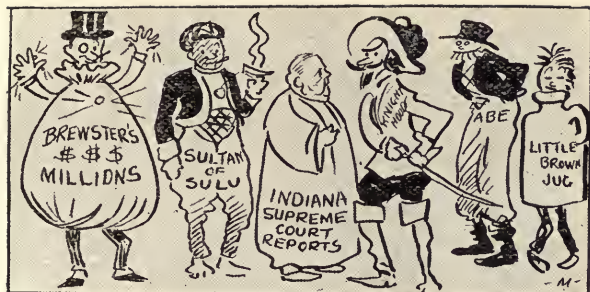
Our Hero approached the Stranger with some Awe and asked what Road he should take in order to find his Native Village.



W. A. VAWTER  
Wearing part of a collar



OUR TREASURER



*Distinguished Guests.*

“You are now standing at the Corner of Broadway and Colfax Avenue in that self-same Burg,” replied the Stranger, “but the Choice Building Lots which I am about to sell you are located two Miles to the East on the new Trolley Line in a Residence Suburb known as Higgins Park.”

Our Hero fell on his Face in a Dead Faint.

When he recovered Consciousness he was lying on an Upholstered Couch in the Directors’ Room of the First National Bank, while the Hon. Ory Higgins, Mayor of the Town, President of the Bank, Manager of the Inter-Urban and Chairman of the Greens Committee in the New Golf Club leaned over him, ap-



W. B. AUSTIN  
Made a noise at this early age.



L. L. BARTH



*Puzzle: What famous battle does this represent?  
Valuable prize for first correct guess.*

plying those Restoratives which are found in every well-regulated Office and Private Home since Indiana went Dry.

“Do you know me?” asked Our Hero, as he laid his trembling Hand in that of the Public-Spirited Citizen who had just built the new Opera House.

“Sure,” replied Ory. “You are the one that we used to call Bill, alias Pudd’n-head, alias Skinamarink. You went to Chicago. If you had stuck around here I could have put you in on the Ground Floor of a lot of Good Things and made Something out of you.”

“I expected to find Everything just the Same,” faltered Bill.



ORT WELLS

Query:—What became of his neck?



NIBLACK





*The Hoosier 5 foot Book Shelf.*

"Of course you did! It is Human Nature to imagine that while we are Scorching along the broad Highway of Progress, the Other Fellow is standing still somewhere, tied to a Post. But come! I want to show you our new Club, at which the Members kick at the Service in a manner almost Metropolitan. Also the Park and the Crematory and the Novelty Works and, as we are in a Hurry, probably you had better put your Car into my Garage and we will use my 6-Cylinder."

Ory then showed him the Gold Medal which he had received for raising the Largest Ear of Corn and expressed Regret that Mrs. Higgins was not at Home.



COL. CHARLES JEWETT  
In the costume which elected him to the  
legislature.



HAPPY DAYS



*Near Your Old Home.*

She was in Boston attending the International Round-up of the Feminine High Brows.

In the excitement of pulling off the Rip Van Winkle Specialty, Our Hero forgot all about giving Ory the Good Cigar.

The Local Paper took cognizance of the Wanderer's Return in the following Language: "William Tucker, a Former Resident, Sundayed here as the Guest of our genial and popular Fellow-Townsmen, Colonel Higgins."

Was Ory a Colonel?

You know it. He had been on the Governor's Staff for 4 Years.

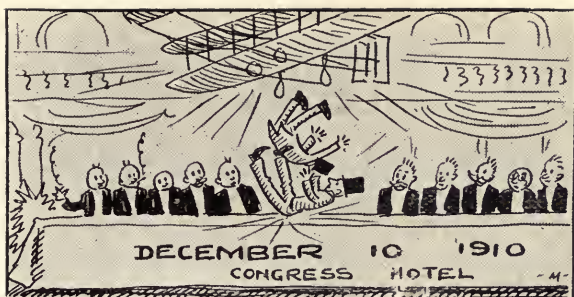


JOHN C. SHAFFER

If he ever said anything about you in the paper, this squares it.



"CHOOSIN' UP"



*Wilbur and Orville of Rushville may drop in.*

And yet, some People travel into Foreign Parts on a Search for Glory.

MORAL: At least two Conclusions may be drawn from this plain Recital.

One is, that you can't keep a Squirrel on the Ground.

The other is that Indiana now has everything that Chicago can boast, except Smoke.

THE END



COL. CHARLES ARTHUR CARLISLE  
Older now but just as handsome



NIGGER-SHOOTER





*A quiet Corner of the Farm.*

## Acknowledgments



**M**OST of the pictures printed in this volume were reproduced from secreted photographs, queer tin-types and ancient daguerreotypes, dug up by loving wives, mothers, sisters and daughters, in a fine spirit of contempt for the wishes of their male relatives.

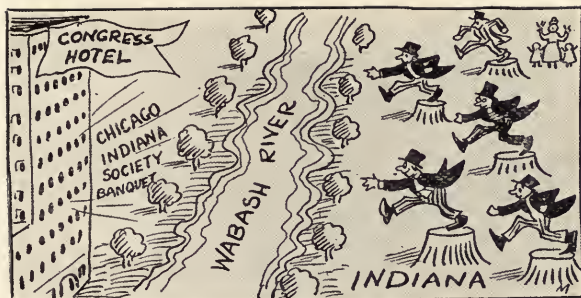
E. M. Holloway, the tireless Secretary of the Indiana Society of Chicago, did the scouting for the pictures and to him is due the credit for this most unique showing of crimes and misdemeanors



H. C. STARR  
At the beginning of his "checkered"  
career.



A HARD KNOT



*The End of the Campaign.*

perpetrated in the name of photographic art.

The author gladly pays tribute to Mr. Holloway as the principal factor in the continued success of the Indiana Society.

William C. Free helped to design the book and told the author what to do next.

The pictures of the Indiana Picnic of 1910 were generously contributed by Mrs. LaVerne Noyes and Mr. Fred D. Jackson.

All of the drawings presented herewith are by Indiana artists.

The little sketches of boy life in the

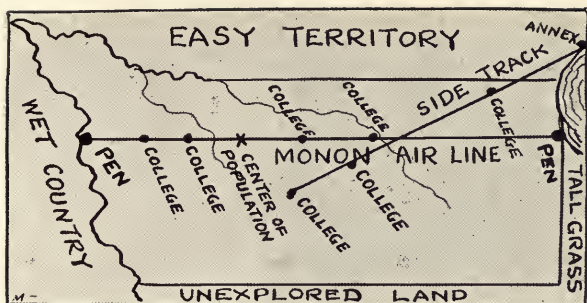


HUGH H. HADLEY

How he did enjoy being photographed!



BUMBLE-BEES



*Judge Field's Map.*

*A Pen at each end and Colleges in the Middle.*

country are by Worth Brehm and George Brehm of New York City.

John McCutcheon's cartoons and caricatures will be identified without resort to explanatory notes.

The other artists implicated are F. Finch, of the Denver Post; F. Fox, of the Chicago Post; Kin Hubbard and Garr Williams of the Indianapolis News; George O. Frink of the Chicago News and Lawrence Erickson of New York City.

The pictures of ante-bellum Indiana were sent in by helpful friends.

It is not true, as might be supposed, that the likenesses of prominent mem-



DAVID A. NOYES  
Before he migrated to darkest Evanston.



COULD YOU DO IT NOW ?





*Through the Woods.*

bers were resurrected by enemies of the various victims.

The pictures are printed in the belief that a rising generation will look upon them and take hope.

A few extra copies have been printed, so that members may buy them and withdraw them from circulation.

In this connection it may be well to explain to strangers, who happen upon this little book, that the Indiana Society of Chicago is composed of Hoosiers and ex-Hoosiers who have a sentimental fondness for their native state.

Most of the members live in Chicago. All of them are bona-fide Hoosiers and

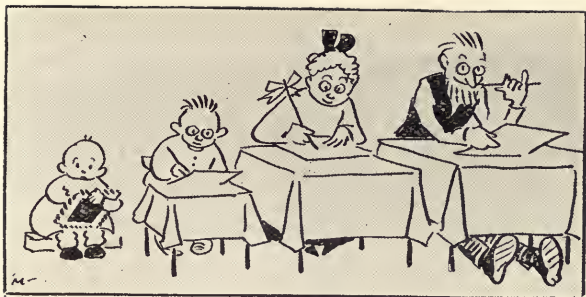


WILL J. DAVIS

After leaving the navy and before joining  
the syndicate.



FREE



*Indiana Authors at Work.*

not one of them would sell his birthright for a mess of anything you could name. The bogus Indiana Club, organized a few years ago by an expatriate of burglarious intentions, admitted any one who had passed through Indiana on an Erie train and could prove that he was a member of the human race, but the real Indiana Society of today consists of the pick and flower of all Hoosiers, although, goodness knows, we are not here to talk about ourselves.

The annual dinner comes every December. These dinners have been notable because the members and guests attending them have not been bored to death by long speeches.

At every dinner there are four head-

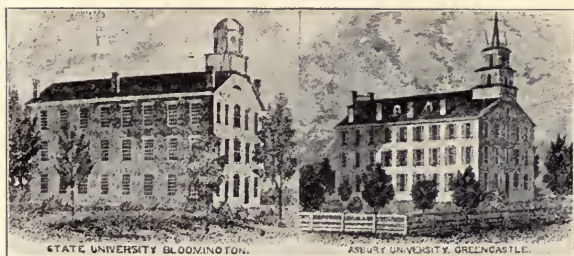


E. A. ERICKSON

The one standing, with his hair combed



MOSSLER'S GRANULATED LID



*Ancient Halls of Learning.*

liners chosen with even more care than accompanies a selection for the Hall of Fame.

We play no favorites. Even the statesmen and politicians are admitted on terms of equality with the authors, the judges, and the predatory rich.

Every summer the Society has a picnic. Many of the half-tone illustrations in this book depict scenes at the picnic of 1910, held June 25 at Hazelden Farm, near Brook, Indiana.

The main asset of the Indiana Society is the enthusiastic good-fellowship of its members.

To name the men who have helped on the picnic and dinner of 1910 would



GEORGE W. KEEHN  
When he was the dressiest boy in  
Indianapolis.



WILBUR





*The Bridge over the Crich.*

be to reprint herewith practically the entire list of members.

This volume was put into circulation at the annual dinner on the evening of December 10, 1910. It was meant to be a gentle reminder of the days away back yonder when our dignified gray-beards and solemn men of affairs were just plain specimens of terrified kids.

Perhaps it will suggest the thought that in the land of the somewhat free and the home of the more or less brave, there is still a fighting chance for the Humble Youth—that is, if he took the precaution to be born in Indiana.

The author wishes to deny in advance any slanderous suggestion that this Fable is really an Autobiography. The



JOHN W. KERN  
Did he come back ? He did.



LANDMAN



*Indiana Industries.*

author never had a room near Peck Court. His room was near Hubbard Court.

The Hero of this narrative is a composite of Frank Morris, Dan Scanlan, Will Davis, John Eastman, Mack Glenn, Bill Heath, Louie Henoeh, Horatio Kelsey, Kenesaw Landis, John Lenfesty, Billy Mann, Harry Miller, Wilbur Nesbit, Lincoln Pfaff, Milt Pine, Ed. Shapsker, Lon Shaw, E. W. Shirk, Bill Simpson, John Vogelsang, Ort Wells, Eddie Allen and some twenty others.

Not all of these have returned to their Birthplaces to be lionized, but there is no truth in the persistent rumor that some of them are afraid to go back.



EDDIE ALLEN  
Best-behaved Child in Richmond.



MURRAY TURNER



*He pities the Poor City Folks.*

As a matter of fact the Hoosier exiles are treated well and often whenever they go home on a visit.

One object of the Indiana Society is to further cement the friendship between the residents of the dear old State and those who were compelled to leave it, for business reasons.

We agree to furnish the cement.

Before we forget it, Mr. Nesbit, our poet laureate, composed the songs for the dinner of 1910 and W. B. Austin has attempted to make the receipts cover the expenditures.

This attempt has been successfully thwarted by several ambitious committees.



GEORGE ADE  
Trying to conceal the fact that he has  
joined a frat.



McGUIRE





*From the Old Michigan Pike.*

The concertmeister is Dave Noyes and the yell-leader is Charley Alling—both good, clever boys and members of this club.

G. A.

*Chicago, December 10, 1910.*



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